

Good Morning 524

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HOME TOWN TALK

PROUD and perky in his scarlet and gold regalia, "Taffy," the mascot billy-goat of the Welch Regiment, is the centre of all eyes as he marches in front of the regimental band.

The regimental goats are always presented by the King. Usually they come from the Royal herd at Windsor, but as the herd was disbanded some time ago, a new goat, just presented to the regiment, has been obtained by the King from Regent's Park Zoo.

This is Taffy the Seventh. Taffy the Sixth died last July. He was a noted figure at the Aldershot Tattoo. Formerly known as "Gwilym Jenkins," the goats are now to be seen in front of every battalion. The mascot dates back to the Crimea, when the first one came "on the strength."

It is on record that one Corporal "Goat Major" who looked after the mascot on foreign service was put on the peg for doing a roaring trade with Billy, who served many maidens of the goat family in an occupied country!

"BEY" OF TUNIS.

CARDIFF has been giving a great reception to the mammoth Army Exhibition of 300,000 exhibits in the City Centre. Realistic jungle scenes, with monkey and bird sound effects, have lent plenty of colour to the display, which has attracted huge crowds from the mining valleys.

A prize exhibit in a cage was "The Bey of Tunis," a famous carrier pigeon, given that name by the soldiers of the desert.

The Bey accompanied the 8th Army from Alamein to Tripoli, and carried news of beleaguered men and also the capture of Tobruk and Benghazi. Time and again the Bey was dropped by parachute in a small loft to bring and take news to stranded men.

"RATS!"

IT costs a lot to be a modern Pied Piper. Llandilo, Carms., Council has proved that. Ratepayers were up in arms when they learned that the cost of employing six men to kill 323 rats was £200, or 13s. 4d. per rat for labour and equipment. Now ratepayers have been soothed by the Ministry of Health promising to foot half the bill.

SALUTE TO GEORGE.

EVERYBODY in the Aberdare Valley knows Mr. George H. Hall, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Aberdare's M.P. for 22 years. George Hall has always been a good friend of the miners, and when it was announced that Aberdare desired to make a presentation to "George," the response was overwhelming.

SHEPPERTON

In search of your Home Town, RON RICHARDS comes to the Thameside retreat of Shepperton where the Beauty of England and its Romantic Past is crystallised in a few square miles along the River.



LIFE in the Thames-side village of Shepperton centres round the pubs and the church and the river. It's about thirty minutes out of Waterloo, and is a friendly old-world village with a bohemian atmosphere.

The "Anchor" Inn is my favourite here. The old walls of this ancient house of rest and refreshment could tell you many a colourful tale of the past.

They could tell of the comings and goings of merciless barons of the fourteenth century. They have many a story of Carolean gallants who, with their lovely ladies, patched and powdered, tarried a while to rest as their coach waited at the inn door. And the pannelled walls and beamed ceilings could whisper—just a little furtively, perhaps—of

Prosser, of Wales, says that even if 1,000 are eventually ordained, there will still be a great shortage of men to lead the spiritual life of the principality.

The Church in Wales has sent out a message of cheer to its padres on the fighting fronts, telling them that a great welcome home awaits them.

Some concern has been expressed in places that work and promotion of the padres may be prejudiced by their absence from home. The Church in Wales has made it clear that the contrary is the case.

There are, in fact, more jobs than men, and the shortage of padres promises to be acute apres la guerre.

Royalist fugitives, of Jacobean conspirators, of Georgian dandies, insolent of mien and dictatorial, who eyed mine host with cold disdain as they demanded of him his best.

Then, too, they would tell—in louder and more boisterous manner, as befits that age—of nineteenth-century squires and sporting peers and hunting parsons (did not one of the rectors of Shepperton, to his everlasting shame, conduct funerals clad in vivid hunting kit?); of world-famed prize fighters



who battled with bare fists for hours amid cheering multitudes in the open space that fronts the "Anchor."

Its rivers, too, have looked out on to many bright river spectacles. They have seen Royal Barges passing on the way to Windsor; seen, and may see still, lines of pleasure boats laden with gay-dressed women passing to Henley's joyous regatta.

Shepperton was a village many centuries before William the Conqueror crossed the seas to take possession of Britain; it was a village with a name of its own before the birth of Christ.

The legionaries and the standard-bearers of ancient Rome marched over the then muddy ways of Shepperton; for it was at the east end of the village at Cowey Stakes, that Julius Caesar crossed the Thames and, defeating the inferior forces of Cassivelaunus, the British leader, threw down one more barrier to his triumphant march to conquest.

Scaphirtun, as the Saxons called it, was a dwelling-place of shepherds, whose flocks roamed the banks of the river and cropped the lush grasses of the Thames valley.

It was between 1800 and 1900 that the village attained its greatest fame; for here it was that most of the great prize fights for the championship of England were arranged.

Here in the open space where now stand in rows the sleek cars of sightseers from all the world over, fronting the "Anchor" and the four-century old Rectory next door, Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam battered each other mercilessly amid a howling multitude, while the pious rector leaned his arms upon the gate to watch the sport!

Here the famous Henry Pearce, known as "The Game Chicken," shattered Stephen Carte—a man nearly double his weight—after one of the most ferocious battles in prize-fighting history.

And when the fight was over, what a lively gathering supped at the old "Anchor"! Here the famous—and notorious—Alicia Massingham; there my Lady Lade, who knew Sixteen-string Jack, the highwayman, and was mistress of His Royal Highness the Duke of York before Sir John took her to wife—yes, and the wanton, Bella Prior, whom my Lord Eardley protects.

But the village has seen gentler scenes than this. Across the road, in the old churchyard, stands a stone in memory of one Margaret Love Peacock, who died in 1826 at the age of three. On this stone are carved three verses, the first of which says:—

Long night succeeds thy little day
Oh! blighted blossom, can it be
That this grey stone and grassy clay
Have closed our anxious care
Of thee?

Thomas Love Peacock, the English poet, wrote that epitaph for his daughter's grave. A sad story it must have been for the old "Anchor" when that tragic cortege drove up; for the broken-hearted poet was known well at the hostelry, where he often passed the time of day with mine host. He was a friend of Shelley and Byron; and with Byron he one day visited the inn to sample the landlord's new brew of ale.

The Church of St. Nicholas also has an ancient history, for

it was built in 1614 out of the debris of a former church that stood on piles over the Thames, and was washed away by one of the great river floods.

To this day the people of Shepperton celebrate the Feast of St. Nicholas in the Church on the 6th December each year; for St. Nicholas has been their patron saint since the Middle Ages. He lived in the fourth century, when he was a great Bishop of the Greek Church in Asia Minor. His other and more modern name is Santa Claus; for the name of the children's delightful and mysterious Christmas gift-maker is a corruption of the name "Santa Nicolaus."

Lord Nelson knew the Church and the Anchor in the days when, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, he went fishing at Shepperton; and it was the landlord of the Anchor who supplied his lordship with bait.

The Duke of Wellington used to stay at the nearby Manor House. Even Oliver Twist knew Shepperton, as lovers of Dickens will observe if they refer to that author's description of poor Oliver's burglary expedition.

Many celebrities of the stage to-day know the Anchor, for from 1920, until his death, Churcwin, the white-eyed Kaffir, famous in the theatres of five continents, was the landlord of the Hotel, where he spent his last years of retirement.

Shepperton offers, in addition to its associations with the romantic past, a score of other



attractions for the tourist and the sportsman. There is fine fishing plenty in the river; there is boating on the historic Thames, and the landlord will see that you have the best boat afloat.

There are many places of historic interest in the surrounding country to which he guides his guests; and then, in the evenings, there is music in the inns, exquisite food, warmth and comfort; and if you seek them, the rustic tales of the villagers of Shepperton.

A.B. BOB WARREN—Mother makes a Nursery Rhyme

IN the comfortable front room of their home at 264 Pinhoe Road, Exeter, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warren sat chatting to "Good Morning" recently. Their son, you see, is A.B. Bob Warren, submariner, and for his age (he will be 23 years old next March) he has seen a good deal of service already.

When Bob comes home on leave, his father told us, he likes nothing better than to "rope-in" a couple of his chums and go rowing on the

River Exe. A real "bus-man's holiday," eh, Bob? but a fine, healthy exercise.

Bob's father has had a pretty good "innings" at his job, he told us.

As ledger clerk in a large departmental store in Exeter, he completed 21 years last January, and the firm marked the occasion, and their appreciation of his services, by presenting him with the armchair he is occupying in the picture. The charming little lady on

the left is affectionately known as "Bubbles"—she is Bob's sister, and is eight years old.

Mrs. Warren, too, has a record of which she may well be proud. During the heavy blitzes on London, she gave shelter in her home to no fewer than nineteen children!

Then Exeter's turn came and houses came crashing down all around. Her own miraculously escaped, and she found room for fourteen local evacuees.

Mother is just like a nursery rhyme character, Bob!

Mrs. Warren said that you had promised her some coconuts, bananas, and a handbag. "Tell him," she said, "I'm still waiting for them."

Dad is looking forward to your return, and so is "Bubbles."

"Bruce," your Manchester terrier, who is not quite one year old, is waiting, too, but—Bob, just one last word: Don't forget that handbag!



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1
to "Good Morning,"



Looking for Needle in Fo'c'sle

Continuing IN BORROWED PLUMES
By W. W. JACOBS

who was a born realist, had tried to snatch a kiss from the skipper on the threshold. Fortunately for the success of the venture, it was pelting with rain, and, though a few people gazed curiously at the couple as they went hastily along, they were unmolested, and gained the wharf in safety, arriving just in time to see the schooner shoving off from the side.

At the sight the skipper held up his skirts and ran. "Ahoy!" he shouted. "Wait a minute."

The mate gave one look of blank astonishment at the extraordinary figure, and then turned away; but at that moment the stern came within jumping distance of the wharf, and uncle and nephew, moved with one impulse, leaped for it and gained the deck in safety.

"Why didn't you wait when I hailed you?" demanded the skipper fiercely.

"How was I to know it was you?" inquired the mate surlily, as he realised his defeat. "I thought it was the Empress of Rooshia."

The skipper stared at him dumbly. "An' if you take my advice," said the mate, with a sneer, "you'll keep them things on. I never see you look so well in anything afore."

"I want to borrow some o' your clothes, Bob," said the skipper, eyeing him steadily.

"Where's your own?" asked the other.

"I don't know," said the skipper. "I was took with a fit last night, Bob, and when I woke up this morning they were gone. Somebody must have took advantage of my helpless state and taken 'em."

"Very likely," said the mate, "I'm very sorry, sir," said Ted, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other, and glancing at the mate for support; "but they ain't fit for the likes of you to wear, sir."

"I'm the best judge of that," said the skipper sharply. "Fetch 'em up."

"Well, to tell the truth, sir," said Ted, "I'm like the mate. I'm only a poor sailor-man, but I wouldn't lend my clothes to the Queen of England."

"You fetch up them clothes," roared the skipper, snatching off his bonnet and flinging it on the deck. "Fetch 'em up at once. D'ye think I'm going about in these petticoats?"

"They're my clothes," muttered Ted doggedly.

"Very well, then, I'll have Bill's," said the skipper. "But mind you, my lad, I'll make you pay for this afore I've done with you. Bill's the only honest man aboard this ship. Gimme your hand, Bill, old man."

"I'm with them two," said Bill gruffly, as he turned away.

The skipper, biting his lips with fury, turned from one to the other, and then, with a big oath, walked forward. Before he could reach the fo'c'sle Bill and Ted dived down before him, and, by the time he had descended, sat on their chests side by side confronting him. To threats and appeals alike they turned a deaf ear, and the frantic skipper was compelled at last to go on deck again, still encumbered with the hated skirts.

"Why don't you go an' lay down," said the mate, "an' I'll send you down a nice cup o' hot tea. You'll get histericks, if you go on like that."

"I'll knock your 'ead off if you talk to me," said the skipper.

"Not you," said the mate cheerfully; "you ain't big enough. Look at that pore fellow over there."

The skipper looked in the direction indicated, and, swelling with impotent rage, shook his fist fiercely at a red-faced man with grey whiskers, who was waiting innumerable tender kisses from the bridge of a passing steamer.

"That's right," said the mate below. Various startling schemes approvingly; "don't give 'im propounded by the skipper for no encouragement. Love at first obtaining possession of his men's sight ain't worth having."

The skipper, suffering severely from suppressed emotion, went below, and the crew, after waiting a little while to make sure that he was not coming up again, made their way quietly to the mate.

"If we can only take him to Battlesea in this rig it'll be all right," said the latter. "You chaps stand by me. His slippers and sou'-wester is the only clothes he's got aboard. Chuck every needle you can lay your hands on overboard, or else he'll git trying to make a suit out of a piece of old sail or something. If we can only take him to Mr. Pearson like this, it won't be so bad after all."

While these arrangements were in hand above, the skipper and the boy were busy over others

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"By Jove, Tommy, I've got it," he cried suddenly, starting up and hitting the table with his fist. "Where's your other suit?"

"That ain't no bigger than this one," said Tommy.

"You git it out," said the skipper with a knowing toss of his head. "Ah, there we are. Now go in my state-room and take those off."

The wondering Tommy, who thought that great grief had

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

5. What do two stripes signify on the arm of a British policeman?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Sarah, Martha, Jezebel, Letitia, Mary, Eve, Tabitha.

Answers to Quiz in No. 523

1. Dern means dash, to mend invisibly, secret, sour, renovate old paint, scale off rust?
2. What is the fourth Book of the Bible?
3. How can you tell a butterfly from a moth by their wings?
4. Which looks bigger from the earth, the sun or the moon?
5. Giant.
6. Daffodil.
7. A minster is an abbey; a minister is a preacher.
8. Iceland.
9. Eight.
10. Brass is an alloy; others are simple metals.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



WHAT place should women have in industry and the professions after the war? Ought they to have equality of pay with men? Should the marriage bar in certain fields be abandoned?

A pamphlet just issued by the Conservative Women's Reform Group, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Thelma Cazalet Keir, M.P., deals with this important matter. It will be discussed in greater detail in forum at a later stage.

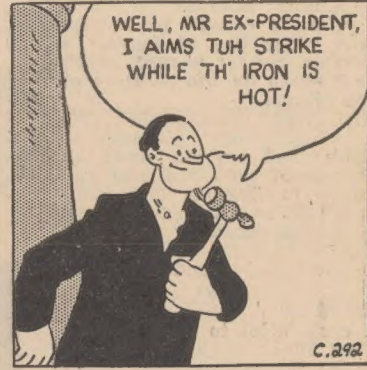
The Group say that just as no distinction is drawn, in most employment, between married and single men, they see no just reason for differentiation between the pay of men and women performing the same work at the same standard of efficiency. Women should not be dismissed from employment solely on grounds of marriage. Health and efficiency alone should be the criterion for both sexes.

ON the question of the position of the married woman in relation to service outside the home, the Group say: "We are led to expect a future in which our nation, to regain its wealth, will encounter a shortage of workers, not of work. Wherever trained personnel is in short supply the country has much to gain if the housewife with a previous professional training is enabled to turn her talents and experience to account outside the home."

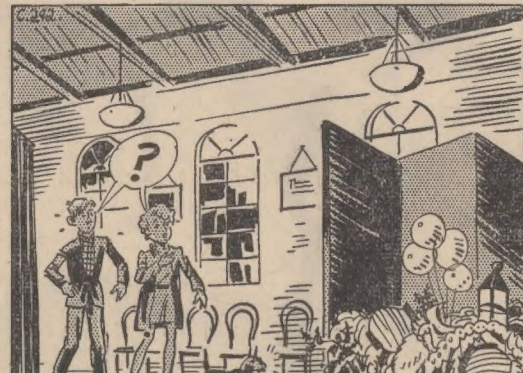
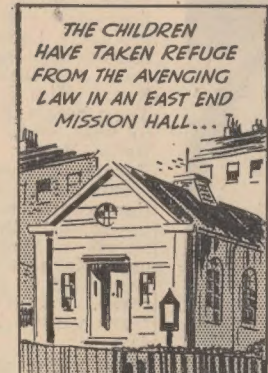
The home is woman's workshop, and most women rightly regard home-keeping as a job taking precedence over all others. If there are considerations which deflect them from this view it is, the Group believe, the fear of a loss of economic independence and fear of the conditions which at present often make a young family the principal cause of poverty and drudgery.

To mitigate these drawbacks, the Group recommend payment of children's allowances to the wife and mother, a domestic service scheme to provide full-time help, and a home help service to meet emergency needs of families which do not normally employ household help, and nursery schools and continuance of school meals, so that opportunities for fuller citizenship and service outside the home will be open to women.

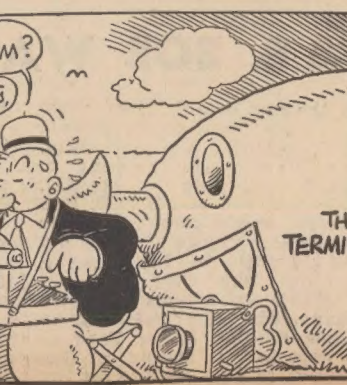
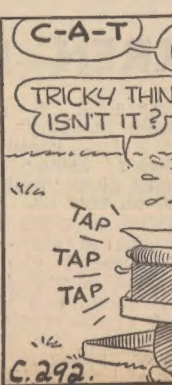
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—463

1. Insert consonants in *A**A*E and *A**A*E and get two English seaside towns.
2. Here are two vehicles whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
ROCRAR — EGIATOM.
3. In the following three British towns the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they?
3562384, 3562789BURY, 914C62751.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 462

- 1. CARNARVON, SWANSEA.
- 2. CRIBBAGE — LUDO.
- 3. Ethelbert, Athelstan, Egbert.

JANE



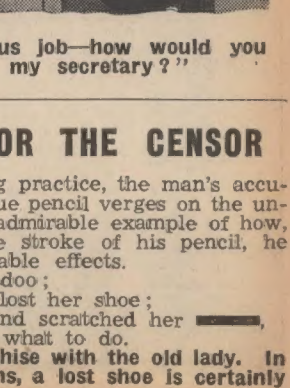
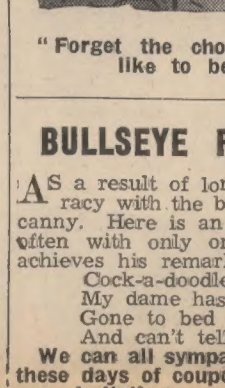
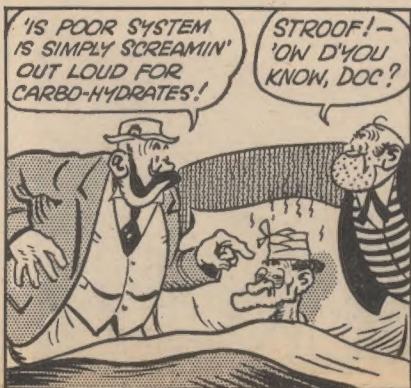
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



IN BORROWED PLUMES

(Continued from Page 2)

turned his kinsman's brain, complied, and emerged shortly afterwards in a blanket, bringing his clothes under his arm.

"Now, do you know what I'm going to do?" inquired the skipper, with a big smile.

"No."

"Fetch me the scissors, then. Now do you know what I'm going to do?"

"Cut up the two suits and make 'em into one," hazarded the horror-stricken Tommy. "Here, stop it! Leave off!"

The skipper pushed him impatiently off, and, placing the clothes on the table, took up the scissors, and, with a few slashing strokes, cut the garments into their component parts.

"What am I to wear," said Tommy, beginning to blubber. "You didn't think of that?"

"What are you to wear, you selfish young pig?" said the skipper sternly. "Always think-

ing about yourself. Go and get some needles and thread," and if there's any left over, and you're a good boy, I'll see whether I can't make something for you out of the leavings."

"There ain't no needles here," whined Tommy, after a lengthened search.

"Go down the fo'c'sle and get the case of sail-makers' needles, then," said the skipper. "Don't let anyone see what you're after, an' some thread."

"Well, why couldn't you let me go in my clothes before you cut 'em up," moaned Tommy. "I don't like going up in this blanket. They'll laugh at me."

"You go at once!" thundered the skipper, and, turning his back on him, whistled softly, and began to arrange the pieces of cloth.

"Laugh away, my lads," he said cheerfully, as an uproarious burst of laughter greeted the appearance of Tommy on deck. "Wait a bit."

He waited himself for nearly

twenty minutes, at the end of which time Tommy, treading on his blanket, came flying down the companion-ladder, and rolled into the cabin.

"There ain't a needle aboard the ship," he said solemnly, as he picked himself up and rubbed his head. "I've looked everywhere."

"What?" roared the skipper, hastily concealing the pieces of cloth. "Here, Ted! Ted!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Ted, as he came below.

"I want a sail-maker's needle," said the skipper glibly. "I've got a rent in this skirt."

"I broke the last one yesterday," said Ted, with an evil grin.

"Any other needle then," said the skipper, trying to conceal his emotion.

"I don't believe there's such a thing aboard the ship," said Ted who had obeyed the mate's thoughtful injunction. "Nor thread. I was only saying so to the mate yesterday."

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 47

- Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: Day in picknicking is countries go to custom Christmas if on some the.
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Mauve, Olive, Orange, Yellow, Green, Purple, Brown.
- Cambridge is to bun what Bath is to: chaps, oliver, sausage, tart, duck.
- If you could imprison a canary in an absolutely airtight box, and weighed it while the canary was on its perch,

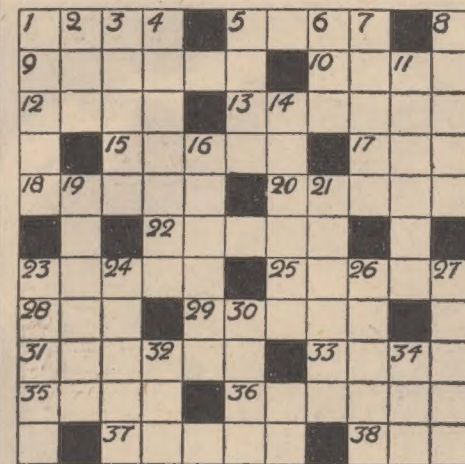
would there be any change in weight if the canary left the perch and started flying about inside the box? Give reasons for your answer.

(Answers in No. 525)

Answers to Test No. 46.

- Stout.
- Tacky describes condition, not appearance; others describe appearance.
- A equals 2, E equals 6, D equals 8.
- The answer is that it was impossible to allocate all the horses in the manner described, for one-half plus one-quarter plus one-fifth comes to only 19/20ths of the whole. Hence, by making the number up to 20 the magistrate still had only 19 horses to give away.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Go fast.
- 5 Ray.
- 9 Resist.
- 10 Slat.
- 12 Genuine.
- 13 Dominion.
- 15 The same again.
- 17 Bolt end.
- 18 Kid skin.
- 20 Acts.
- 22 Old gold coin.
- 23 Asinine utterances.
- 25 Goes by car.
- 28 Edge.
- 29 Weight.
- 31 Shoe tops.
- 33 Alpine goat.
- 35 Disappointment.
- 36 Whole.
- 37 Watched.
- 38 Asterisk.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Girl's name.
- 2 Copy.
- 3 Garden tool.
- 4 Time off.
- 5 Salad plant.
- 6 Mountain peak.
- 7 One of U.S.A.
- 8 Sharpens.
- 11 Long walk.
- 14 Up-to-date.
- 16 Stretching muscle.
- 19 Immature.
- 21 Draws out.
- 23 Graze in passing.
- 24 Abundant.
- 26 Charge.
- 27 Big hit at cricket.
- 30 Second-hand.
- 32 Cathedral town.
- 34 Age.

SCRIP THICK
HONOUR RAN
BOONS OBESE
ASK TOPE TA
REEF WIGGED
RUBICON
HOYDEN TALL
IN GAGE ROY
LIKES CHLOE
DOE THREES
ANGUS UNDER

Alex Crack

"A pennyworth of liquorice, please," said the little girl.
"I'm afraid I have no liquorice, dear," said the sweetshop proprietress. "Must it be liquorice?"
"Yes, I'm afraid it must," replied the small customer. "You see, my cat's dead. I'm in mourning."



"Forget the chorus job—how would you like to be my secretary?"

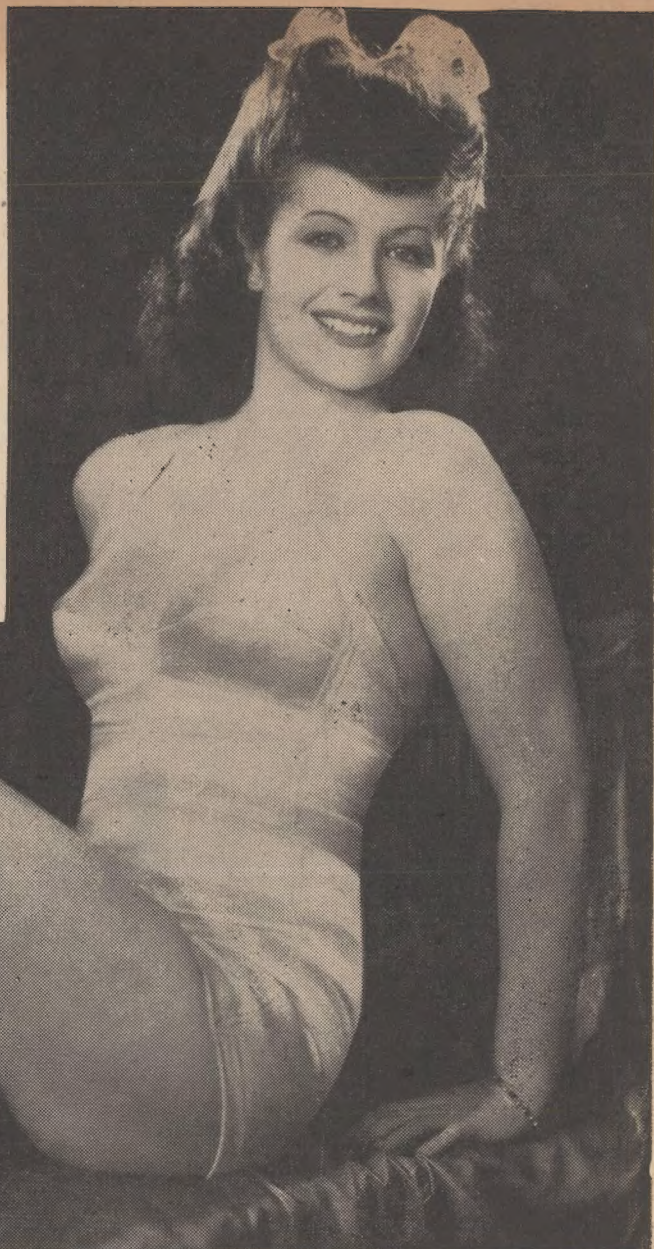
BULLSEYE FOR THE CENSOR

AS a result of long practice, the man's accuracy with the blue pencil verges on the uncanny. Here is an admirable example of how, often with only one stroke of his pencil, he achieves his remarkable effects.

Cock-a-doodle-doo;
My dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratched her ———,
And can't tell what to do.
We can all sympathise with the old lady. In these days of coupons, a lost shoe is certainly very irritating.

Good Morning

Yet another "Good Morning" scoop! This exclusive picture was taken at a secret audition held by a famous B.B.C. band-leader, as part of his nation-wide search for new crooners. You'll be hearing her soon — Good listening!



"I'll be your sweetheart," is the title of Margaret Lockwood's newest film. Speaking for ourselves, we accept the offer. Others interested better 'phone Gainsborough — or take their chance of being killed in the crush!



"Now this situation calls for careful handling. I overheard them talking something about Sennapods, and that's enough to arouse any girl's suspicions. Better stooge along till I get a chance to ditch the lot, I suppose."



"Well...! We've often heard about the gentleman who drinks his bath water, but until now we had never met him. Pleased to meet you, we're sure."

IT'S OURS, ALL OURS! Walk the mountain ridge from Catbells to Dale Head, and you'll feel as free as the air you breathe. What's better—you'll be free, for much of Barrowdale is preserved for the people by the National Trust.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"He knows no better, the big ape!"

